

New York, May 4.  
**LATEST FROM EUROPE.**  
The packet ship Edward Bonafie, captain Funk, arrived at a late hour this morning from Havre, from which port she sailed on the 4th of April. We have received our files of Paris papers to the 3d of April, and Havre, of the 4th, inclusive. The Paris papers contain London dates of the 30th ult.  
Mr. Canning has sufficiently recovered his health to resume his post in the House of Commons.  
The London Courier of March 27, speaking of Mr. Canning, says: "He last night laid upon the table of the House of Commons, some of the results of that anxious labor for the public service, which has had but too large a share, we apprehend, in causing his indisposition. We allude to the correspondence between this government and that of the United States, upon the subject of the commercial intercourse with the British West-India Colonies."  
"It is understood that the delay in bringing forward the Budget, is forced upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer by the difficulties he has experienced in negotiating with the bank, a scheme to meet the excessive burdens of the public expenditure, without resorting to a loan, or any plan that can alarm the public as to the state of the finances."  
**Colonial Trade.**—The London Times in alluding to the correspondence between Mr. Canning and Mr. Gallatin, says: "We have examined, with all the coolness and vigilance we could muster, the arguments of the respective combatants; and in our judgment, it is quite as certain that Mr. Gallatin feels the reasoning to be against him, as that he seems to plume himself on a very decided consciousness of the superiority of his own style, in respect to gravity and dignity, over that which Mr. Canning, on some occasions, indulges. It is now only wanting to add, that the last letter of the Foreign Secretary shuts the door upon all negotiations for the present, on the trade of America with the British Colonies."  
In the letter of Jan. 27, Mr. Canning informs Mr. Gallatin, that when intelligence was received of a proposition in Congress to accede to the terms of the British act of 1815, an instruction was sent to Mr. Vaughan, at Washington, grounded on the belief of the British Government that Congress would not separate, without adopting the resolution. In that case, and upon receiving an assurance from the American Government that the restrictions and charges on British shipping, and British colonial produce, would be withdrawn by the U. States, Mr. Vaughan was authorized to deliver a note to the American Secretary of State, declaring that the discriminating duties, imposed upon American ships and their cargoes, in the West Indies, should immediately cease. Mr. Vaughan was in possession of this instruction when the resolution was rejected. He adds, it was no part of Mr. Vaughan's duty to make any communication upon the subject to the American Government before the result of the discussion was ascertained. We have not time to enumerate the several points of Mr. Canning's letter. We shall publish the whole tomorrow. After remarking that he shall not allow himself to be drawn again into a discussion of topics already more than sufficiently debated, Mr. Canning concludes his letter with assurances of the most cordial desire, on the part of Great Britain, to cultivate the friendship of the United States.  
The Courier says, England has reason to be proud of her Foreign Minister, who combines in his state papers, expressed as they necessarily are by the technicalities of their subjects, all the graces of a polished and vigorous style, with the power of perspicuous reasoning and convincing argument. Nor are we disposed, while we claim this praise for Mr. Canning, to deny that the American Minister, Mr. Gallatin, bating the vice of his country, prolixity, displays no mean talents, which only require to be removed from their juxta-position, with the effusions from the pen of the right honorable gentleman, to impress us with a favorable notion of his diplomatic ability.  
It is said that the cutlers of Dublin are most busy, at present, in manufacturing daggers. The demand for these weapons is found to be exclusively amongst the young generation of professional and academical ascendancy-men.  
The Dublin Patriot, says: "We lament to hear, that the distress of the lower orders, in the far greater part of Ireland, is almost unprecedented at this season of the year, and that the prospect of increasing misery is frightful. In Carlow, Kilkenny, Waterford, Clonmell, Limerick, Cork,—in short, over almost the entire surface of Ireland, the population are unemployed,

and literally starving. In some places, so inadequate are the funds of charity, that coffins are not thought of for the dead. Last week, says the Clonmell Herald, about 90 acres of land were ploughed up, partly on the demesne, and the rest in the neighborhood of Thomstown, by the nightly legislators. Between four and five hundred of them attended, & an incessant fire was kept up for nearly the whole night. On the next day, the following notice was served on Mr. Smithwick, to whom a portion of the ploughed up land belonged:  
"Notice is hereby given to black Jack Smithwick, if he does not immediately give up the wood and road fields, to the distressed poor for potatoe ground at a moderate rent, he will meet with the fate of Baker or Farrell's wife; any person who stops up those roads will meet with the loss of his life, and if you do not comply with this we will shoot your stock, burn your dairy-house men and milk-women, this is enough."  
"Given at the council room by the provider of the poor. ROCK."  
**Parliament.**—In the house of Lords, March 23d, several petitions from the Catholics of Ireland for relief from disabilities, were presented by Lord King; and remonstrances from several protestant parishes "against any further concessions to the Catholics" were presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishops of Chichester and Clogher, and the Earl of Shaftsbury. Lord King remarked, on presenting his petitions, that he did not now entertain the least hope that any thing would be done to relieve the "most wretched and most ill-used people of Europe." The Duke of Buckingham replied that "he was convinced there was yet good hope, & that the measure for the relief of the Catholics was one which must and would be carried."  
The report of the committee on the corn trade acts was ordered to be committed, with a view to some alteration of the proposed laws.  
Despatches to the 10th of March, had been received from Gen. Clinton, commanding in Portugal. The brigades of British troops at Coimbra, had made no movement in advance; while, as regards the rebels, although they appear no where in any considerable force, yet they seem to maintain a constant, by detaching themselves into small marauding parties.  
The small pox is at this moment making great ravages in Bavaria and Sweden; the governments have in consequence resorted to vigorous measures to arrest its progress.  
**Greece.**—On the affairs of Greece the Quotidienne remarks, that, during the past winter, excepting the unfortunate expedition of Fabvier, in the island of Negropont, nothing worthy of attention had taken place, other than the blockade of Athens. Col. Fabvier had procured admission into that fortress, at the head of some Philhellenists, and the Turks have since blockaded it more closely. The Greek fleets have undertaken nothing since the affair of Missolonghi. The long inaction of the Greeks is attributed to their differences. The supreme authority is disputed by three different Governments: one at Egina, another at Hydra, and a third at Hermiona. A coalition between Colocotroni, who leads the anti-congress of Hermiona, and Conduriotis, who commands at Hydra, is expected. Admiral Miaulis, the competitor of Conduriotis, has been declared a traitor to his country by the prinates of the island. This must paralyze the Greek fleet; consequently, the ensuing campaign will open under unfavorable auspices.  
The Lausanne Gazette contains a letter from Ancona to the 11th March, announcing the arrival of a letter from Corfu in four days, with intelligence of Karaiskaki having completely routed the Seraskier, who was besieged at Athens. The Greek general is added, had previously gained a signal victory at Distomo.  
Another letter from the same place, published in the Constitutionnel, of March 30, confirms the above by announcing, as official, the complete defeat of Redschid Pacha; and states in detail, that the Greeks having seized the Piræus, and landed 3000 men, the Seraskier who was attempting to reduce the citadel by famine, fearing that his plans would fail by this manoeuvre of the Greeks, marched with all his troops (except a thousand which were left in the city) to dislodge them. He was driven back by the Greeks with great loss; and in the mean time the garrison of the citadel sallied out, dispersed the guard left in the city, and destroyed their camp. Nicetas, Karaiskaki, Londo, and Bozzaris, who were on the neighboring heights, on a signal given from the citadel, poured down upon the Turks and completed the rout.  
The steamboat Perseverance was of great service during the engagement,

The number lost on the part of the Turks was not known. A bulletin, published at Prevesa, a place occupied by the Turks, states that 2000 of the Seraskier's troops were missing. The troops fled towards Thebes.  
Extract of a letter dated Rome, Feb. 18:—"The winter at Rome continues to exhibit the most forcible contradiction to what has been generally asserted and believed in regard to the vaunted climate of Italy. Heavy rains, with abrupt alternations of frost, snow and hail, have been productive of much sickness and recurring liability. The swelling Tiber, in consequence of rains and thaw, had, during several days, filled the celebrated Pantheon with water; and had obstructed internal communication in those quarters which are in the immediate vicinity of the "Uxorious River," so as to render indispensable the employment of boats. On the first of February the Romans could behold snow on that part of Solara which looks towards their city, and thus witnessed a confirmation of what was recorded more than eighteen centuries ago, by Horace, as an event of singular occurrence.  
A letter from Scotland, dated March 12, received in Boston, says,—"We have had the greatest snow storm experienced for 33 years, or since 1784; a great many lives, and much property are lost. It was two o'clock, P. M. before I could enter my store, or get out of my house. No post has arrived, no carriers nor coaches can go out, and all the world appears immersed in snow. Such a storm, so late in March, is very uncommon in this country."  
**Spain.**—Very serious disturbances are said to have taken place in Catalonia, and the *Præcurseur de Lyons* maintains that Ferdinand has quitted Madrid for Pampeluna, in consequence of an insurrectionary movement that had taken place in favor of Don Carlos. This, coupled with the alleged dissatisfaction of the troops under the command of Rodil, would seem to indicate the near approach of that crisis in the affairs of Spain, which assuredly must take place sooner or later.  
A more horrible tale of cruelties than is detailed in the following article, purporting to be taken from the mouth of the poor man on whom they were inflicted, can scarcely be imagined.  
*Am. Sent.*  
From the Boston Traveller, May 1.  
**Interesting arrival.**—Three men, Gregory, Nichols, and another whose name we have not learned, former residents of this city, arrived in town last week, after a fifteen years' captivity among the Indians. Early in the late war, William Gregory, then at the age of only 11 years, enlisted in the U. States service, under Capt. Watson, of this city; and the others entering the army about the same time, they were all ordered to the western or Canada lines together. They had not remained long on that station before they were compelled to engage in several skirmishes with the Indians, in one of which, these three, with sixty one others, were captured. After changing masters several times, they at last found themselves in the power of the tribe called Flat Heads, by whom they were taken to the Rocky mountains, & taught the red men's art of hunting and fishing.  
During the long, lingering years of their servitude, Gregory with the other two made four several attempts to escape, but were as many times retaken; and as a punishment for their bold endeavor, they were subjected to the most cruel and excruciating tortures which the untutored mind could devise or savage barbarity execute. At one time they were made fast to a tree or post and their scalps taken off; after which, the little remaining flesh on the top of their heads was violently removed, and the bleeding scalps replaced, and permitted to remain and adhere. The flesh thus cut from their heads was roasted and forced down their throats to sustain exhausted nature.  
At another time a piece was dissected from the fleshy part of the thigh, which was also cooked and given them to eat. No resistance in this case would avail, and they submitted without opposition to the cruelties of their barbarous oppressors. Gregory however became so exasperated with pain, that in a state of wiliness approaching insanity, he arose upon his tormentors and actually succeeded in bringing several of them to the ground. Upon this some of the Indians in their language exclaimed, "he is a good soldier," but for his reward, his right arm which had done the deed, was stripped, and on the inside a gash cut from the wrist to the shoulder, into which was introduced a hot walnut rod, and the flesh again closed. As if this was not sufficient entirely to disable this member, they immediately shot several bullets through his arm in different places, and then left him to groan and sigh

that his hours of existence might be few, and his lingering torments soon overpower the pulsations of life.  
At another time their tongues were cut out; Gregory's about one third, and the others entirely to the roots. Consequently, Gregory is the only one who can utter a word, and he indistinctly, and from him the principal information is derived. They finally succeeded in effecting their escape by the assistance of a squaw who in kindness accompanied them through the forest, a distance of 45 miles, and placed them on a track by which they succeeded in reaching the white settlements. At the time they made the last attempt to free themselves, they were 800 miles from any white habitations. Many more of their sufferings and hardships could be told, but what we have already related is sufficient to shock the feelings of humanity and to excite the warmest sympathy for these miserable fellow beings; who at this late day, so long after the execution of the heartless deeds, bear about them but the too visible proofs of the truth of their story. Nichols and the third we understand left wives and families in this city, and Gregory a mother, who had long since numbered them with the dead.  
**Loss of the Schooner Horatio.**  
The schooner Horatio, Doughty, from Philadelphia, for Port au Prince, was wrecked at sea, March 5. Lat. 33, long 72. 30. The following account of this disaster, is copied from a New Orleans paper of March 31.  
The Horatio discharged her pilot March 3. Next day experienced a severe gale, and on the morning of the 5th was struck with a heavy sea, which carried away stanchions, quarter boards, &c. At meridian the storm increased with much violence, so as to blow the foretop and flying jib from their lashings; at 4 P. M. while the mate (Mr. Henry Rownds) and the people were lashing the long boat, a heavy sea struck her in the waist, and washed the mate overboard and all hands to the leeward; we endeavored to save him by heaving out ropes but could not; at 5 P. M. while in the cabin shifting myself, a sea struck her and laid her on beam ends; I succeeded in gaining the deck as the water rushed over me—three of the crew and myself got into the weather main-chains (which was the lar-board) and lashed ourselves; one man was drowned in the fore-castle.  
By this time she was full of water, and driving with head to wind—both masts being under water, we cut away the lanyards without effect—the sea at every roll making a breach over our heads, sometimes washing us down her bottom. At about midnight, the cook, who was next me, got washed from his lashings. I held him by the arm and tried to secure him—but another sea immediately followed, and wrenched him from my powerless grasp—he sunk without a struggle; all the hatches were burst open, and cargo floating out at every avenue. The scene was awful, too much to be pictured; the mountainous sea, the clash of waves, dashing the broken spars and fragments of wreck over and around us; but three miserable beings lashed to the unsheltered side, beseeching the mercy of heaven in piteous, a gony, and suing for that dissolution which must inevitably take place.  
About 5 A. M. on Tuesday, the two young men appeared deranged, and talked of going on shore to get something to eat and drink; it was with great persuasion I prevailed on them not to cast off their lashings. Their imaginations became so heated, that at length no remonstrance of mine could avail—they loosed themselves, their impatience became so vivid—a heavy sea came over. I held them a while; they became alarmed, and tried to re-lash themselves—when another great sea rushed over, carrying them with it—they cried out to me for a rope: alas I had none! What I had to spare I threw them—they grasped but could not reach; a mournful cry escaped them, the struggle for life was but short, their efforts soon overcame them, and their bodies floated motionless round the bows.  
I continued my unpleasant situation, without a gleam of hope or wish for alteration—while my head eyes were glaring on the tumult of the crashing waves, my situation was aroused by an object which attracted more than thought, and from that thought my mind became animated with a hope, a hope of rescue. The object was the mainmast, which had become disengaged from the vessel, and the hull appeared to right a little—another cheering ray of daylight broke upon me, gave me fuller hopes, and when the surf arose I got on the quarter deck, where I lashed myself secure.  
But even this respite from suffering only gave me more acute reflections, for here a lingering feverish death a

waited me and haunted my restless mind; none but the Providence of God could on this desert ocean release me; to his care I resigned my soul and body; for two more nights I remained lashed to the stern of the wreck with a small piece of tarpaulin to cover me from the breaking waves. On the morning of the 9th of March, as the sun arose, I descried a welcome sail standing for me—I raised a flag—the vessel came down—they lowered the boat and took me on board the brig Lawson, Captain John Lombard, of Hallowell, from Baltimore for New Orleans, and by his kind, humane, and gentlemanly treatment, I recovered. For 70 hours I had nothing to eat nor drink. LEMUEL DOUGHTY.  
**CANADIAN AFFAIRS.**  
The dissatisfaction which prevails in Canada, arising from the provisions of the Naturalization Bill, has excited general interest. It appears from a correspondence, extracts from which are given in yesterday's Intelligencer, that exertions have been made to get up memorials counter to those which had been set on foot in opposition to the law, and that one has been presented to His Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland, Lieutenant Governor, approving of it in strong terms. This petition was sent from the county of Newcastle, and is signed by 223 individuals, the population of the county, being as supposed, about ten thousand. The Lieutenant Governor in his answer, expresses himself with little reserve on the principles of those who have raised what he terms, "a groundless clamor," and throws out a threat, that those who do not like the law, "cannot complain if they find themselves wholly exempted from its provisions." Balt. Chron.  
**A royal road to the bar.**—The Honorable Alexander Smythe, of apocalyptic memory, advertises that he instructs young gentlemen in the science of Law, at his residence, Wythe Court-House, Virginia. Hear him.  
"Six months of diligent application, under the instruction of the subscriber, will probably qualify the student to obtain a license. A gentleman from Mississippi (who did not confine himself to the study of Law only) passed an examination in 5 months & a week. Gentlemen from the low country and the South, may become lawyers while they withdraw to pure air, excellent water, and a cool climate, during the sickly season."  
**Honest Lawyers.**—Dishonesty is of such rare occurrence among the Notaries of Paris, (who also act as conveyancers and consignors of money during the arrangement of affairs that pass through their hands) that one of them having on a recent occasion gone off with 3000*fr.* the body were so shocked, that they immediately made up the sum to the party injured.  
**Next President.**  
At a meeting of many of the citizens of Adams county, friendly to the re-election of JOHN Q. ADAMS to the Presidency of the United States, held at the house of Zephaniah Herbert, in Gettysburg, on Wednesday evening, the 25th April, 1827, JACOB CASSATT, Esq. was chosen Chairman, and Michael Galligan, Secretary.  
The object of the meeting having been stated by the Chairman, it was, on motion, Resolved, That a meeting of the Citizens of Adams county, in favor of re-electing JOHN QUINCY ADAMS to the Presidency of the United States, and friendly to the present Administration, without distinction of party, be held on TUESDAY the 22d of MAY next, at 2 o'clock, P. M. at the Court-house in Gettysburg, for the purpose of making arrangements, preparatory to the approaching presidential election, &c.  
Resolved, That these proceedings be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and published in all the newspapers in Gettysburg. JACOB CASSATT, Chairman. MICHAEL GALLIGAN, Secy.  
At a numerous and respectable meeting of the citizens of Adams county, friendly to the election of ANDREW JACKSON, as the next President of the U. S., held at the house of B. Gilbert, Esq. in Gettysburg, on Thursday the 27th day of April, 1827, ZEPHANIAH HERBERT, Esq. was appointed Chairman, and JACOB LEITCH, Secretary.  
On motion, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted: Whereas the friends of John Q. Adams are taking active measures to promote his election to the next Presidency, by holding meetings in various parts of the State; and, as such meetings might be looked upon as a criterion of the opinion of the friends of General Jackson, to the exclusion of the friends of General Adams, It is, Resolved, That the friends of the present Administration, who are friendly to the election of ANDREW JACKSON, do hereby call a meeting, at the house of B. Gilbert, Esq. at 12 o'clock, M. on TUESDAY the 22d of MAY next, for the purpose of adopting measures preparatory to the next Presidential election, and in furtherance of the election of Gen. ANDREW JACKSON to the office of President of the U. S.  
Resolved, That no proceedings be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and published in the newspapers of the county. Z. HERBERT, Chairman. JACOB LEITCH, Secy.



The Partisan

From the Boston Recorder.  
**ABSALOM.**  
The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low  
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd  
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still  
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.  
The reeds bent down the stream—the willow  
leaves  
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide  
Forgot the lifting winds, and the long stems,  
Whose flowers the waters like a gentle nurse  
Bear on its bosom, quietly gave way  
And leaned in graceful attitudes to rest.  
How strikingly the course of nature tells,  
By its light heed of human sufferings,  
That it was fashioned for a happier world!  
King David's limbs were weary. He had fled  
From far Jerusalem, and now he stood  
With his faint people for a little rest  
Upon the shore of Jordan. "The light wind  
Groom—was stirring, and he bared his brow  
To its refreshing breath, for he had worn  
The mourner's covering; and he had not felt  
That he could see his people until now.  
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank  
And spoke their kindly words, and as the sun  
Rose up in Heaven, he knelt among them  
there,  
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.  
Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter  
thoughts  
Come crowding quickly up for utterance,  
And the poor common words of courtesy  
Are such a very mockery—how much  
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!  
He pray'd for Israel; and his voice went up  
Strongly and fervently—he pray'd for those  
Whose love had been his shield; and his deep  
tones  
Grew tremulous—but oh! for Absalom—  
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—  
The proud, bright being who had burst away  
In all his princely beauty to defy  
The heart that cherish'd him—for him he  
pour'd,  
In agony that would not be controll'd,  
Strong supplication, and forgave him there  
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.  
The pall was settled. He who slept beneath  
Was straiten'd for the grave; and as the folds  
Sunk to the still proportions, they betray'd  
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.  
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls  
Were floating round the tassels as they  
sway'd  
To the admitting air, as glossy now  
As when in hours of gentle dalliance bathing  
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.  
His helm was at his feet—his banner, soil'd  
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid  
Reversed beside him—and the jewell'd hilt  
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,  
Nestled like mockery on his cover'd brow.  
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,  
Glid in the gab of battle, and their chief,  
The mighty Job, stood beside his bier.  
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,  
As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.  
A slow step startled him. He grasp'd his  
blade  
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form  
Of David enter'd, and he gave command  
In a low tone to his few followers,  
And left him with his dead. The king stood  
still  
Till the last echo died; then throwing off  
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back  
The pall from the still features of his child,  
He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth  
In the resistless eloquence of woe.  
"Alas, my noble boy—that thou should'st die!  
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair—  
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,  
And leave his stillness in this clustering  
hair!  
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,  
My proud boy Absalom!  
"Cold is thy brow, my son!—and I am chill  
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee;  
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,  
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress  
thee!  
And heartily sweet "My Father" from these  
dumb  
And cold lips, Absalom!  
"The grave hath won thee—I shall hear the  
gush  
Of music, and the voices of the young—  
And life will pass me in the mantling blush  
And the dark tresses to the soft wind  
flung—  
But thou no more with thy sweet voice shall  
come  
To meet me, Absalom!"  
"And oh! when I am stricken—and my heart  
Like a bruised reed is waiting to be broken—  
How will its love for thee, as I depart,  
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep to-  
ken!  
It were so sweet amid Death's gathering  
gloom  
To see thee, Absalom!"  
"And now farewell 'tis hard to give thee  
up,  
With death so like a gentle slumber on  
thee  
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup  
If from its woe its bitterness had won thee  
May God have call'd thee like a wanderer  
home,  
My erring Absalom!"  
He cover'd up his face, and bow'd himself  
A moment on his child—then giving him  
A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd  
His hands convulsively as in prayer,  
And as a strength were given him of God,  
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall  
Firmly and decently, and left him there,  
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.  
ROT.

From the Boston Telegraph.  
**A GREAT DISCOVERY.**  
**FRIEND HALLOCK.**  
I think it my duty to communicate  
through the medium of your paper, a  
great discovery, which has lately burst

upon my mind; and which I hope will  
be of great use. I have always blam-  
ed the selfishness of those, who when  
they have found any alve, or nostrum,  
lock up the secret in their own breasts,  
and suffer their neighbors to perish for  
the want of it, unless they will purchase  
it at an extraordinary price. I shall  
adopt a more generous method, and  
hasten to tell you of a discovery,  
which, if the world will only rate it by  
its utility, will place my name on a  
level with those of Napier, Franklin or  
Fulton; and even entitle me to outshine  
the glory of Columbus himself.  
You must know, sir, that I was one  
of those fools, who get married before  
they get any thing to eat, and I had a  
dozen mouths to feed, before I had  
hardly a crumb to put into either one  
of them. When I was about nineteen  
years old, I took a notion to go to a  
singing school, where I saw Lydia  
Lovell, whose black eyes and warb-  
ling voice, wounded my heart, and shot  
all the little prudence I had, stone  
dead. To make a long story a short  
one, I courted her, and after the usual  
quantity of smiles, teases, poutings,  
sheep's eyes, quarrels and reconcilia-  
tions, I married her, October 3d, A. D.  
1810. We should have been married  
a little earlier, only I could not rake  
and scrape money enough, to buy one  
iron pot, one skillet, three chairs, a  
bed, and a pair of bellows without a  
nose; with which conveniences we fur-  
nished our chamber, and began house-  
keeping; as happy as the most unmin-  
gled love, without one particle of re-  
flection or foresight, could make us.  
The honey-moon flew away in bliss;  
and I must own the first two or three  
years of our wedlock were not so mis-  
erable as they might have been. I was  
strong and hearty, with two good hands  
to my body, which had been accus-  
tomed to work, and Lydia was a thrifty  
girl, who managed our expenses with  
some economy; But after all I was  
miserably poor, and I had in abundance  
the poor man's blessing. My wife was  
a fruitful vine, and alas! she was the  
only vine, in my possession, which was  
fruitful. What, however, beyond ev-  
ery thing else, increased our difficulties  
was, that I had fallen into the practice  
of drinking grog every day. I had been  
habituated to it from my youth, and  
had been accustomed to reckon a little  
rum and water (no matter in what pro-  
portion) among the necessities of life.  
I followed a laborious profession, and  
thought a little stimulus necessary for  
the health of the body and to keep up  
the spirits. Indeed I could not do  
without it; it was out of the question.  
So wedded was I to my superfluous ap-  
petite, that my drink jug and my to-  
bacco box were the idols of my heart.  
Did you ever see, Mr. Editor, a man  
on our harbor in a boat—wind and tide  
against him—rowing away like a  
trooper, and yet making no head way?  
If you ever did, you have certainly  
seen Jack Newbottle's counterpart. I  
was a wood sawyer, and worked like a  
dog; and yet I never could get one bit  
of bread and butter beforehand. I was  
up early and late; never meant to be,  
and never thought myself, an idle man.  
Still, when it rained money, my dish  
was never up. Accounts came in be-  
fore I knew how to settle them, people  
came a dunning before I knew how to  
answer them—I never thought myself  
a hard drinker—never suspected such  
a thing, but when Tipton the shop-  
keeper, brought in my bill for drink, I  
am almost ashamed to tell how long it  
was. It was nothing but do—ditto;  
do—ditto; like the unvaried note of  
the cuckoo, or whippoorwill; and a  
charge at the bottom heavy enough to  
sink the heart of Ceresus himself.—I  
believe the rogue overcharged me; for  
I cannot think a half pint a day with  
one or two exceptions, is going to a-  
mount up to a barrel in three months.  
I have no idea of bearing on my shoul-  
ders all the sins of the knavish shop-  
keepers.  
But the worst of my troubles was at  
home. I have naturally a good tem-  
per, except when something provokes  
me; but my wife, in the midst of my  
misfortunes, seemed to grow dreadful  
cross and scolding. She wanted tea  
and sugar, when she knew I had no mo-  
ney to get them, and we had some-  
thing to quarrel about almost every  
day. I suppose, I did not provide for  
her so well as I might; but then no  
husband likes to be scolded at, even if  
he is to blame. Sometimes she  
would remind me of my promises when  
I was courting her—just as if court-  
ing were to last always! some-  
times she would snivel and cry; some-  
times she would try the pathetic, and  
sometimes the reproachful part, while  
the children would look on, and think  
their parents wanted a whipping as  
much as they ever did. O, Mr. Editor,  
if you could have looked in and wit-  
nessed our nuptial scenes—the room in  
confusion—the teakettle fallen—the  
skillet overturned—the Johnny cakes  
in the fire—the ashes all over the  
hearth—my wife scolding—and I

sweating—you would certainly allow  
that matrimony, grog-drinking and  
poverty, are three of the most ill-sorted  
companions, that were ever patched to-  
gether. My children grew very rag-  
ged, and I was worse. I fear their  
clothes were but emblems of their  
minds. My wife too not only neglect-  
ed her temper, but her person—She  
was entirely changed from the spruce  
black-eyed girl I fell in love with at a  
singing-school; and I remember one  
day, Tom Seaver, coming to visit me,  
and seeing her snarled hair, said her  
head looked as if it had six mice nests  
built in it and the seventh was build-  
ing. But I could have born the mice  
nests of her head, if her heart had not  
been a very rattlesnake's den.  
Thus, sir, we went on growing poor-  
er and poorer, and plunging from one  
misfortune into another. Nothing  
seemed to turn up in my favor, until at  
last my condition grew too bad to be  
endured any longer. I sat down one  
day on a white birch log which I had  
just sawed off, and while the coaches  
were rattling along the street, said I to  
myself—"Jack Newbottle, what is the  
matter? What is it that keeps the wood-  
en spoon forever in your mouth?—  
Don't you work hard? Yes. Don't  
your employers pay you? Yes. Don't  
you take a little cordial now and then  
to keep up your spirits? Yes. Do you  
spend your money on horses, dogs,  
gamesters and on cheats? No. What  
the plague then makes you so  
poor? Ah! I know;—it is that tem-  
pestuous wife of thine, who wants to  
spend all thy earnings, and ten times  
more on a pack of worthless children."  
Just as I had finished this sweet so-  
loquy, there came along a great blow-  
zy fat dog and overset my rum jug. I  
saw the precious liquor run on the  
ground, and I had not a cent to buy a  
drop more.  
"O woe! O woe! woe! woe! woe! woe!  
'Never was seen so black a day as this.'  
I went home that night cross enough  
—but the next morning I arose in bet-  
ter temper than usual; and making a  
virtue of necessity, I worked all the  
week without a drop of true comfort.  
Still when Saturday night came, I was  
alive, and able to do what I had not  
done before for many a day—I went to  
meeting, and what do you think the  
minister preached on? Why as if to  
single me out from every body else, he  
undertook to show that people were  
betrayed into intemperance by de-  
grees, and became drunkards before  
they thought of it. He even main-  
tained that ardent spirits might be dis-  
pens'd with. In a word, to make a long  
story a short one, partly by profession  
and partly by necessity, I have come  
over to this side of the question—I have  
made a most astonishing discovery; I  
have found out by experience, that  
neither rum, nor brandy, gin, whiskey,  
punch, egg pop, nor sling, are to be  
reckoned among the necessities of  
life, and as I had no suspicion of this  
curious fact before, I beg leave to pub-  
lish it for the benefit of mankind. Rum  
is not the staff of life; a man can live  
without it. There has been a great  
change too wrought in my family.  
My wife has become so neat and good  
natured, that I have almost fallen in  
love with her a second time.—The  
times go better with me; and unless  
some new storm should blow up,  
I hope to live and die in competence  
and peace.  
**JACK NEWBOTTLE.**  
**The Creation of Woman.**—In the  
country where the conversation hap-  
pened to turn upon the Mosarcal ac-  
count of the creation of the first wo-  
man, a lady made the following remark:  
—"The Creator appears, in this story,  
in the light of a midnight robber—he  
steals from Adam in his sleep." "Al-  
low me, madam," said a gentleman, "to  
narrate an anecdote by way of argu-  
ment against your objection. Last  
night some persons broke into my  
father's house, they carried away a bar  
of silver, and left in place a richly chas-  
ed golden vase; can we consider these  
men as thieves?" "Thieves!" exclaim-  
ed the lady, "no, benefactors." "Well  
then," said the gentleman, "in what  
manner ought we to regard Him  
who took away a worthless rib and gave  
in exchange an inestimable treasure?"  
**Alarming progress.**—A lad who was  
apprenticed to a butcher, wrote to his  
parents, "I send you these lines to tell  
you as how my master likes me very  
well, and as now I am going on famous-  
ly. I have already bled three calves.  
I skin 'em a day, and he says, if I am  
a good boy, he will let me kill after  
Christmas."

**From the Franklin Repository.**  
Our late townsman, **MATHEW ST. CLAIR CLARKE, Esq.** has deposited  
with the Editor of this paper, a small  
quantity of the seed of the genuine  
white Mulberry, on the leaves of which  
the Silk Worm feed, for the very  
laudable purpose of having it distri-  
buted among those in this country,  
who feel disposed to try the cultivation  
of this invaluable tree. Mr. Clarke has  
also obtained several hundred young  
trees from the Eastward, which he de-  
signs planting this spring, on his lands  
in the neighborhood of Green-Castle.  
The cultivation of the Mulberry  
tree, as a preparatory step of breed-  
ing the Silk Worm, is deservedly ex-  
citing at this time, attention in many  
parts of the Union. That the produc-  
tion of sufficient silk in the United  
States for at least home consumption,  
is an object of the utmost importance;  
the bare fact, that in 1825, the Silk  
Goods imported into the United States  
amounted to \$10,271,527, is incontes-  
tible evidence. During the same year,  
all the Broad-Stuffs we exported, only  
amounted to \$5,717,997—since that  
period, the importations of silk goods  
have increased, and the exports of our  
broad stuffs have decreased to almost  
nothing.  
The attention of Congress was cal-  
led to this subject the session before  
last, by Mr. Miner, the worthy rep-  
resentative from Chester county, in this  
State; and in obedience to a resolu-  
tion they adopted, Mr. Rush, Secretary  
of the Treasury, is now preparing a  
Manual, containing the best practical  
information that can be collected, on  
the growth and manufacture of Silk, ad-  
apted to the different parts of the U-  
nion; and such facts and observations  
in relation to the growth and manu-  
facture of the article in other countries  
as may be useful and interesting. This  
Manual he expects to have completed  
ready to be laid before Congress at the  
next session.  
The report of the Agricultural Com-  
mittee of the H. of Representatives, to  
whom Mr. Miner's resolution was  
committed, was published in the Re-  
pository of the 16th of last May; but  
the following short extract from it, will  
not be considered out of place at pre-  
sent:—  
"The Committee incline to the o-  
pinion, that the best mode of raising  
silk will be for every farmer and plan-  
ter to appropriate a small portion of  
ground, as for a fruit orchard, for rais-  
ing the mulberry tree, calculated to  
produce as many of the worm as his  
own family will enable him to manage  
without increased expense, and without  
permitting it, until the experiment  
shall have been fully tried, to inter-  
fere with the regular course of his u-  
sual pursuits. A single acre planted  
with the mulberry will produce from  
500 to 600 pounds of raw silk, the value  
of which to the individual will rich-  
ly compensate for the capital and labor  
employed, and the aggregate to the  
country be of great importance.  
—"The fact is worthy of notice—that,  
notwithstanding the high price of land  
in Ireland, where a year's rent of land  
exceeds the price of the soil in many  
parts of our country, yet so valuable is  
the mulberry considered, that impor-  
tations of trees from the Mediter-  
ranean have been made during the last  
3 years, for the purpose of producing  
silk."  
The seed are small, a thimble  
full (the quantity proposed to be given  
to one person) being probably sufficient  
to produce one or two hundred plants.  
Any person who wishes to try the  
cultivation of the White Mulberry, can  
receive at the office of the Franklin  
Repository, gratis, sufficient seed to  
raise 1 or 200 trees.—The sooner it is  
planted the better.  
**Jaw crackers.**—A treaty with the  
Chippeway Indians has recently been  
ratified by the President and the Sen-  
ate, and published.—The names of a-  
bout 80 Indians are subjoined to the  
treaty, of which the following are spe-  
cimens: Madwagunnagezhigwaab,  
Peekwankwotoanaska, Ogubhayaub-  
twaybay.—The name of a female  
mentioned in the treaty is Oshaugus  
codaywaagqua, of another, Ohuyshau-  
noquoquoja.  
**A TROPICAL CLIMATE.**  
Insects are the curse of tropical cli-  
mates.—I have tele-rongo lays the foun-  
dation of a tremendous ulcer. In a  
moment you are covered with ticks—  
Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh,  
and hatch a large colony of young chi-  
goes in a few hours. They will not  
live together, but every chigoe sets up  
a separate ulcer, and has his own pri-  
vate pus. They get entry into your  
mouth, eyes into your nose—Your cat  
flea, dog flea, and breathe flies—  
I have cockatrices and snakes get in-  
to the house—cat the books—scorpions  
sing to you on the floor—every thing  
is a plague to you, and you are weary  
of your existence, and are weary

of some piece of animal life, that no  
body has ever seen before, except Swa-  
merdam and Marjiam.  
—An insect with eleven legs is swim-  
ing in your tea cup—a non descript with  
nine legs is struggling in the small  
beer, or a caterpillar with several doz-  
en eyes in his belly is hastening over  
the bread and butter. All nature is a-  
live, and seems to be gathering her  
entomological hosts to eat you up as  
you are standing, out of your coat,  
waistcoat and breeches. Such are the  
tropics. All this reconciles us to our  
dews, fogs, vapour and drizzle—to our  
apothecaries rushing about with gar-  
gles and tinctures—to our British con-  
stitutional coughs, sore throats and  
swelled faces. *Edinburg Review.*  
**Auction Goods.**  
**GEORGE ARNOLD.**  
HAS just received, and is now o-  
pening, in addition to his former  
stock, an unusually large supply of  
**SEASONABLE GOODS,**  
CONSISTING OF  
**Dry Goods, Groceries,**  
**Hardware, Queensware,**  
**Saddlery, Cutlery,**  
**LIQUORS,**  
**Leghorn & Straw Bonnets:**  
which have been purchased bot in  
Philadelphia and Baltimore, for CASH,  
and selected with care, from the latest  
importations and newest fashions: A  
large portion of which have been  
bought at Auction, where great bar-  
gains are at all times to be had. The  
subscriber's assortment now being  
splendid and complete, having almost  
every article in his line of business, he  
begs leave to invite the public to cal-  
and examine his goods, when he pledg-  
es himself to furnish them with any  
goods they may want, as cheap as is  
possible for any country establishment  
to offer them.  
Gettysburg, April 24. tf  
**Robert S. King,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
HAS removed from Hanover to  
Gettysburg. His office is in the  
southwest Corner Room of the Frank-  
lin House.  
Gettysburg, April 17. tf  
**La Mott's Cough Drops.**  
**VALUABLE MEDICINE**  
**For Coughs, Consumptions,**  
**and Asthmas.**  
THIS Elixir is offered to the public as  
possessing virtues peculiarly adapted to  
the present prevailing disorders of the  
breast and lungs, leading to consumption. A timely  
use of these drops may be considered a certain  
cure in most cases of Common Colds, Coughs,  
Influenza, Hooping Cough, Pain in the Side,  
Difficulty of Breathing, Want of Sleep arising  
from debility; and in Pasmotic Asthma it  
is singularly efficacious. A particular atten-  
tion to the directions accompanying each bot-  
tle is necessary.  
The following certificates from respectable  
gentlemen, physicians and surgeons, are  
subjoined, to show that this composition is  
one which Medical men are disposed to re-  
gard as efficacious and worthy of public pa-  
tronage.  
Having examined the composition of La  
Mott's Cough Drops, improved, we have no  
hesitation in recommending them to the pub-  
lic, as being well adapted to those cases of  
disease for which they are recommended.  
Doctor JONATHAN DORR, Albany, Dec. 4,  
1824. JAMES POST, of White creek,  
Feb. 14, 1825. WATSON SCHWEE, of  
Cambridge, Feb. 20, 1825. SOLOMON  
DEAN, Jackson, Jan. 20, 1827.  
Extract of a letter from the Rev. E. HARRIS.  
I am pleased with this opportunity of re-  
lating a few facts which may serve in com-  
mendation of your excellent Cough Drops.  
For ten years I was afflicted with a pulmona-  
ry complaint, my cough was severe, my ap-  
petite weak, and my strength failing. I used  
many popular medicine, but only found tem-  
porary relief, until I was convinced of the  
value of your Cough Drops, I have been blessed  
with such perfect health as to render further  
means unnecessary.  
E. HARRIS.  
Salem, N. Y. Jan 17, 1825.  
Messrs. Garrison & Co. have for 18 years been  
in the habit of using your Cough Drops, and  
lungs, attended with a severe cough, pain in  
the side, and difficulty of breathing, and in  
the month of 1825, I became so much re-  
lieved, that I was enabled to get on, and receive  
from the benevolent physician, I was  
able to make a full use of La Mott's Cough  
Drops, and after this I was enabled to be re-  
lieved to perfect health, and I am my humble  
testimony to the use of the above named drops,  
saved my life.  
THOMAS JONES.  
Columbus, Ohio, July 22, 1826.  
Sole Wholesale and Retail, O. S. Cro-  
well, Columbus, Ohio, and Agents of the  
United States, Canada, &c.  
Each bottle contains 45 doses, price \$1  
FOR SALE BY  
**Samuel H. Buchler,**  
Druggist, Gettysburg,  
and all the principal  
DRUGS & MEDICINES,  
in the United States.